

# MAGAZINE FOR THE MILLION.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1844.

NO. 7.

## SYLVESTER SOUND,

### THE SOMNAMBULIST.

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### CHAPTER V.

#### THE MYSTERY.

There is, perhaps, nothing connected with our nature more easily excited than suspicion. However much disposed we may be to confide in the honor and sincerity of those around us, we cannot extinguish that feeling of suspicion which appears to be inherent in our hearts. It

may be latent—it may even for years be dormant; but it is to be aroused by a single word, and when it is aroused it frequently develops itself with so much malignity, that prudence, pride, love, honor, justice, and reason fall before it. Some imagine that as there is so much deception beneath the surface of society, suspicion is absolutely essential to security—and it certainly is not safe to be too confiding—but

it really does seem most ungenerous to suspect in a world in which there is such an immense amount of superficial honesty. There is, however, something very pleasing in suspicion after all; for it involves the hope that that which we suspect will be realized. If even it be prejudicial to ourselves, what a comfort there is in an opportunity of paying a compliment to our own acuteness!—what self-satisfaction is derived from the exclamation, "I knew, of course, how it would be!—I suspected it all along!—and I have not been deceived!" We do not like to be deceived—nay, we cannot, in this respect, bear to be deceived!

It is questionable—aye, very questionable—whether any one is, or ever was, entirely free from the feeling of suspicion; but then it is not to be said that all who possess that feeling are suspicious! No: Aunt Eleanor was not, in the common acceptance of the term, suspicious. She wished to believe that all around her were honest, just, virtuous, and pure: she had as much faith in their integrity as any one could have, but as she could not in any way account for that which had occurred, she felt convinced that there must be something wrong, and that conviction haunted her throughout the night.

In the morning, however, being anxious, as usual, to act with the utmost discretion, she resolved on not recurring to the subject, before the servants, until she had consulted her reverend friend, and, in pursuance of this resolution, she wrote a note to that gentleman, requesting the favor of a call, but, before she had dispatched that note, he came, ostensibly with the view of reminding her, that that was the very day on which the village would have a certain periodical visit.

Now in this visit, much mystery was involved, and as it forms a subject, which must of necessity, be reverted to anon, it will be perhaps as well to explain now, that a gentleman, named Howard, his daughter Henriette, and a lady, whose assumed name was Greville, had for some years honored the village with their presence, for one hour on the first of April, and the first of October, for a purpose which no one connected with that village had ever been able to learn. It may also be stated, that Henriette was an elegant girl, gentle, amiable, and accomplished. She had been educated with the utmost care, under the surveillance of her father, whose every earthly hope seemed fixed upon her: she was the pride of his heart—his idol: most fondly—most dearly did he love her; but often, while gazing upon her in silence, would he burst into tears. Henriette constantly marvelled at this. To her it was indeed mysterious. She could not ascertain—nay, she could not even conceive, the cause. True, he was almost invariably sad: he was seldom, indeed, seen to smile; and when he did smile, his features in an instant assumed an expression of sadness again: but why he should be unable to look at her intently without shedding tears, she was utterly at a loss to imagine. That there was something heavy at his heart was abundantly clear; but she sought to know the cause of his sorrow in vain. They

moreover lived in the most perfect seclusion. They saw no society. She never went out in the morning without him; while he invariably passed his evenings with her at home. She was all the world to him: he appeared to live only for her; and, as she had no companion, save him and her governess, whose lips on the subject had been effectually sealed, she continued to live enveloped in a mystery, without even the prospect of its ever being solved. That, however, which appeared to her to be most strange, was the fact of her going, twice a-year, with her father, to meet this lady, whom she never on any other occasion saw; and with whom she was permitted to remain but one hour. This did appear to her to be strange, indeed. She had been instructed by her father to address her as Mrs. Greville; but he himself never saw her. Henriette invariably entered the room alone, and the moment she entered, Mrs. Greville would eagerly receive her in her arms, and while indulging in a passionate flood of tears, would kiss her, and bless her, and press her to her heart with the most intense affection. In person, Mrs. Greville was above the middle height: her features were regular and handsome, and, while her manners were extremely elegant, her figure was commanding; but she always appeared to be overwhelmed with grief, although the presence of Henriette seemed to inspire her with the most ecstatic joy. Often would Henriette enquire anxiously why she did not visit them—why they met there—why at those particular times, and so on; but Mrs. Greville, while the tears were gushing forth, would only answer that she was forbidden to explain—that she was indeed happy, most happy, to see her—that she loved her—dearly, passionately loved her—and that it was for her own happiness that she knew no more.

But even this was unknown in the village. It was not known even to the landlady of the inn!—which was wisely ordered—wisely, because had it been known to her, of course her curiosity would have been seriously diminished, and without curiosity how could such ladies live and thrive?

Perhaps, however, Aunt Eleanor took more interest in the matter than any other person in the village. She knew not exactly why she should feel so much interest in an affair of this nature, but she nevertheless did; and hence, on being reminded that that was the day on which the parties in question met, she thought less of the mystery of the preceding night. She did, however, eventually allude to it, and that too, in a most feeling strain, and the result was, that her reverend friend shook his head, and advised her to wait patiently, and to watch with diligence, albeit, he knew no more what she was to watch for, than she knew what to suspect, or what design it was against which she ought to guard.

In the mean time, the village was in a state of commotion. The apparition of course, had been variously described; and the gossips had so ingeniously improved upon each description, that it soon became a monster—twelve feet



high. In the height of a ghost, a few feet, more or less, is a matter of very slight importance; but when, to its height they added their conceptions of its breadth, depth, and general deportment, the picture was truly appalling.

The gentlemen who had absolutely seen it, of course met early at the Crummet and Crown. There was but one absent, and that was Mr. Pokey, before the door of whose residence, chaff had been laid. It was the custom at that period, and in that part of the country, to strew chaff before the door of every gentleman who physically corrected his wife—chaff being held to be indicative of a threshing—but, in this particular instance, it was strewn in consequence of the lady having corrected her husband, Mrs. Pokey being extremely indignant at the fact of Mr. Pokey having kept out so horribly late. The story of the ghost failed to tranquillise her spirit. She wouldn't believe it!—which was very wrong, because Pokey declared that it was true, upon his honor—she knew better!—she wouldn't have it!—hence she thrashed him, and hence she would not in the morning suffer him to stir from his board, for Mr. Pokey was a tailor of great celebrity in the village, and, withal a perfect master of his needle.

But the absence of Mr. Pokey, although under the circumstances deeply regretted, was not allowed to operate as a check upon the vivid imagination of his friends. They entered into the matter with infinite spirit, and made the most that could be made of every important point.

But the cause of this mysterious appearance!—not one could divine the cause. That a murder had been committed by some one, was, by the majority, held to be clear; but who was the murderer—who was the most likely man in the village to commit such a crime? Who looked most like a murderer? They really couldn't say. They remembered that about five-and-twenty years before, a gentleman, who resided opposite, mysteriously disappeared with the amount of a whole quarter's poor-rate. He might have been murdered. Who could tell? It was possible! It was moreover held to be possible by all, save one, and that one was Obadiah Drant, who expressed his conviction that that which they had seen, was the spirit of a miser, who had then been dead about fifteen years, and in whose house only sixty guineas had been found, when every one had supposed him worth as many thousands. He had not the slightest doubt of its being the spirit of that miser, which couldn't rest, because it didn't like the idea of leaving so much money undiscovered behind it. But this opinion was not subscribed to by the rest. Indeed there was only one point upon which all were agreed, and that point was, that the spirit might, perchance, reappear that night. This every man present believed to be highly probable, and the consequence was, that they unanimously resolved to re-assemble at night with the view of watching its manœuvres.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE GHOST HUNT.

IN a village like Cotherstone, of which the inhabitants were tradesmen, with plenty of time on their hands, laborers trained to thoughtless toil, and persons who, having retired from trade, were anxiously waiting to die, such an occurrence as that of the appearance of a ghost, could not fail to create a sensation. Nor did it.—Nor was the sensation thus created either slight or ephemeral: it was deep—very deep—and, therefore, lasting. There was not one in the village upon whom the ghost had not made a powerful impression. Even the exemplary wife of Mr. Pokey—who, during the whole of the morning, had been engaged upon a series of nice calculations, of which the result was that, as Pokey, since his marriage, had taken nearly five thousand ounces of snuff, and upwards of twenty-five thousand quarts of beer, (beer enough to deluge the village, and snuff sufficient to fill up his grave,) they would, had he saved the money thus squandered, have had more than five hundred pounds then to play with—even she, repudiating incredulity, became so excessively interested in the spirit, that she actually allowed Mr. Pokey in the evening to go up again to the Crummet and Crown.

And, oh! what a theatre of excitement it was! Not only the party of the previous evening, but almost every man in the village was present; but, although Mr. Pokey came late, and was, moreover, hailed on his arrival with significance, they, being unwilling to wound his private feelings, did not then allude to the chaff.

Obadiah, of course, was there, and he was as usual, very dictatorial and deep; but he had one great object to achieve: he had to justify his conduct on the preceding night. He admitted that that conduct was not indicative of bravery: he freely admitted that it was not exactly characterised by that peculiar boldness for which he was ardently anxious to become distinguished: "But," said he, with much point, "you must view this affair in all its fructifying ramifications. Place before me anything tangible—anything with which I can grapple, my boys—and then see how I'll act!"

"But you didn't even speak to it!" said Legge.

"Speak to it!" returned Obadiah. "Why, what's the good of speaking to a spirit?—what's the good of arguing with a ghost?—what principle, either moral, religious, social, political, or municipal, can you drive into the head of an apparition? Place before me brains—give me fructifying intelligence—give me Harry Brougham, or even Bobby Peel, my boys—and then you'd see how I'd go in; but the idea of speaking to a spectre!—pooh!—what's the good!"

By this ingenious species of ratiocination—this word is employed here in compliment to him, for ratiocination and fructification were the two stock weapons, which he, on all occasions, used to defeat his opponents, and without which he couldn't well argue a point—he endeavored to justify himself. But he didn't

succeed. His friends attributed his silence in in the churchyard to fear—they would not hear of its being ascribable to anything else!—and when he found that he could not then shake this conviction, he, in order to subdue them for the time being, promised to show them that night what he *would* say, and how he would act in the event of the spirit's re-appearance.

This grand point having been thus far settled, he reverted to politics, in which he knew, of course, that he was perfectly at home, and in possession of the ability to beat them hollow.

Of all highly influential men, there is not one more capable of commanding the attention of those who form the circle of which he is the centre, than a village politician. Nor would it be correct if there were, for what a patriot he is!—what a pure philanthropist!—nay, what a deeply indignant man! How profound is his political wisdom!—and how boldly he denounces the conduct of the party to whom he is, on principle, opposed! What rogues—what reckless, rampant rogues—does he prove them to be! To his knowledge, what intrigues are they connected with—what flagrant follies are they guilty of—what *dead* robberies do they commit! In his view, with what tenacity do they stick to the property of the people!—how they batten on corruption!—how they live on pure plunder!—how richly they deserve to be hanged! With what fiery indignation does he declare them to be wretches: how rotten, how venal, how utterly contemptible does he labor to make them all appear, when, to get a coat to make, or a boot to mend, he would take off his hat to the first he met. Precisely such a patriot was Obadiah Drant. But, although he would denounce the aristocracy at night, and bow to them with all humility in the morning, it merely proved the force of example—he would boldly philippicise people of property, and bend low to get the smallest share; but as men envy only the possessors of that which they have not, this was merely the effect of education. He would, moreover loudly declaim against rank, state, and splendor, yet

"lick absurd pomp.  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,  
That thrift might follow fawning;"

but that was a natural matter of business. He was a patriot, notwithstanding; a tyrant, and a slave; and was highly respected by those whom he met at the sign of the Crummet and Crown.

But, on this particular night, he was singularly eloquent. He, indeed, surpassed himself. He explained what the ministers ought to have done, and what he would have done had he been at the helm: he showed them how easily and how equitably *he* would have swept off the National Debt—how he would have settled the Currency question—how confidence and credit had proved the nation's curse—how France should have been made directly tributary to England—how Russian ambition should have been levelled with the dust—how we should have countenanced American repudiation—and how a British colony *should* have been made of the Celestial Empire at once.

And thus he amused and amazed them all,

until the hour had arrived at which the spirit was expected to re-appear; when, summoning all the courage they had, they repaired to the quiet churchyard.

The night was clear. The moon was bright, and seemed to smile at the scene below; and while the stars merrily winked at each other, as if they enjoyed it too, the small white clouds in a playful spirit assumed shapes bearing the semblance of ghosts, and flew before the moon in the perfect conviction that she would at once cast their shadows to earth. But in this they were mistaken. The moon would do nothing at all of the sort. The light was not her own; it was but borrowed: and, therefore, she didn't feel justified in lending it for any such purpose to these little scamps.

Accordingly, no shadow appeared; and the party became quite bold. They even went right round the church! which was daring. They kept all together, it is true—not one of them would move without the rest—still they went completely round, and seemed to dare that or any other spectre to appear!—nay, on finding that nothing of the kind became visible, some began to treat the affair with contempt, and felt inclined to laugh, when Pokey, who had kept a remarkably sharp look out, exclaimed—

"There!—there you are!—that's it—there it is!"

And there it was!—a narrow tomb surmounted by an urn about the size of a very thick head.

Being, however, utterly unconscious of this, and having their minds on the instant wrought up to a state fit to receive any frightful impression, they looked with terror at the object before them, and felt as if their time was come.

But then it didn't move!—this they held to be extraordinary: nor did it seem as if it intended to move!—which they thought more extraordinary still. That it was a ghost, no doubt existed: but the fact of its being a fixture, beat them.

At length Click, the farrier, who was not a coward, proposed that they should approach it *en masse*, and this proposition was seconded by Legge; but as it was almost unanimously negatived, Click and Legge made up their minds to go together, and went, leaving their valiant friends trembling behind them. Long, however, before they reached the object in view, they saw distinctly what it was; and Legge, on the impulse of the moment, was about to call out to them, but Click checked him promptly.

"Hold your tongue, Legge!" said he. "Now we'll have a game."

And he led him to the tomb and groaned deeply, and then led him back to his friends, who felt ill!

"Obadiah Drant," said Click, on his return, in the most solemn tone he could assume, "it wishes to speak with Obadiah Drant."

"With me?" cried Obadiah. "You don't mean with me?"

"With you?" returned Click in an awful growl.



"No, no, no, no, I shan't go! not a bit of it! What does it want? I shan't go!"

"You must," growled Click, who instantly locked his arms in those of Obadiah, and carried him, *dos-a-dos*, towards the tomb.

But on the way, oh! how sharp were the strictly private feelings of this great man! He felt his heart sink deeper and deeper still at every step, and as the cold sweat bedewed his highly intellectual brow, he was half dead with "fructifying" fright. He did not even try to evade the iron grasp of Click, for Nature had taught him, in his early youth, the inutility of attempting that which he knew to be impossible: he rode on, a martyr to this eternal principle, and riding as he did—with his back towards the horrible object he was approaching—he gave himself up for lost.

"Behold!" exclaimed Click, on reaching the spot. "Behold!" and having uttered this awful exclamation, he turned sharply round, and presented the face of his terror-stricken load to the tomb.

Obadiah—who felt very faint—looked at the urn with an expression of despair, but, his eyes being veiled with a film of horror, he couldn't at first see what it was. Gradually, however, that film disappeared, and as it vanished, the changes which his countenance underwent, were of the most extraordinary character perhaps ever beheld; but, even when he had become completely conscious of what it was—when he had touched the urn, and found that it was stone, and therefore knew that it was no ghost—although he felt a little better, his features expressed infelicity still.

"Mr. Click, sir," said he, between a sigh and a moan, "I'll never forgive you; I'll never forgive you."

Click, as he released him, laughed loudly, and continued to laugh; and as Legge had, in the interim, explained all to his friends, they approached the spot, and laughed loudly too. They were highly amused: they enjoyed it much: they were all, indeed, in most excellent spirits: but Obadiah was indignantly dumb. He viewed the contortions of Mr. Click and his disciples with disgust. As they pealed forth their merriment, and held their sides, and irreverently trampled upon the graves around to subdue the pain which the laughter created, he scowled at them all with refined disdain, and, contemning their practices, left them.

"This is your ghost, then, is it?" cried Click, when the laughter had somewhat subsided. "This is your fiery-eyed phantom after all, then?"

"No," replied Legge, "we have been deceived by this, it is true; but this is not that which we saw last night. That was a spirit—a real spirit, if ever a spirit appeared upon earth."

"I don't believe it," retorted the incredulous Click; "nothing can make me believe it."

"But I saw it, I tell you! I saw it walk—I'm not exactly blind! I saw it pass my house, and go straight to the cottage."

"Let's go to the cottage now, then," inter-

posed Pokey. "As it isn't here, I dare say we shall see it there. Let's go to the cottage."

"Aye—let's go!" exclaimed several of his friends, "let's all go together."

"You may go, if you like," said Click, "but you don't catch me ghost-hunting again. I'll have no more of it. I shall go in and smoke a pipe, and so I tell you."

"Well go—what's the odds?" cried Pokey, who had become extremely *valiant*! I'll be bound to say we shall find our way without you. Come along my Britons. Here we goes. Let them as is afraid stop behind, that's all."

They then boldly left the churchyard, led on by the courageous Pokey, and as they passed the Crumpet and Crown, Click and Legge turned in, but the rest went on to the cottage.

Here all was still. Not a sound was heard. The lights were out and the blinds were down. But as they stood before the gate they fancied they saw the curtains move.

"It's in there, now," said Pokey to Quocks; "depend upon it, it's in there, now."

"I cert'ney see something," said Quocks. And the friends around him saw something; but what that something was, they wouldn't undertake to say, although, at any other time, they would have sworn—and safely too—that it was really a white curtain, and nothing else. But then, fancy converted that curtain into all sorts of shapes, and as ghosts are white by prescription, it so far resembled a ghost, while the difficulty experienced in conceiving a head, was, under the circumstances, small.

"Do you see it?" "Yes: what?" "There it is, you fool?" "Oh!" "There's the head." "That the head?" "To be sure." "Where's the tail?" "What tail?" "What tail?" "Oh!" "Ah!" "No doubt."

This is a very fair epitome of the sentiments expressed, when Aunt Eleanor, hearing a most extraordinary buzz about the premises, slipped out of bed with the view of ascertaining whence it proceeded: but the moment she drew the white curtain aside, and appeared in her night-dress before them, the effect was electric! Her appearance alone inspired them with terror! But when she proceeded to open the window, for the purpose of asking them what it all meant, even as affrighted sheep follow their leader, so did they follow the valiant Pokey, who did instantaneously take to his heels.

In vain she called upon them to stop. They didn't like to do it! "What do you want my good people?" she cried. "What on earth do you all want?"

They heard her; but, conceiving the voice to be that of some fiend, they went right on: nor did they stop until they arrived at the Crumpet and Crown.

"Have you seen it?" cried Legge, as they rushed in wildly.

"Yes!" replied Pokey panting for breath.

"At the cottage!—is there?"

"I don't believe a word of it," said Click; "it's all stuff."

"Well, go and look yourself," cried Pokey, "that's all. There it is at the window!"

"Is it there now?"

"If it isn't, I'll forfeit a couple of gallons."

"Good!" said Click. "Legge and I will go at once. You had better come with us."

"I!" exclaimed Pokey.

"To be satisfied, of course!"

"Well, we don't want to go very near!"

"Oh, no; just come with us." And Pokey did go with them; but long before they had reached the gate, he stopped, and cried, pointing to the window—"There—there! There it is! Don't you see it?"

They looked, and certainly did see something: they saw something move: they, moreover, heard a voice: and the voice did proceed from that window.

"Let us go a little nearer," said Click, who at that moment didn't feel exactly the thing; his heart didn't beat with its accustomed regularity: it thumped and stopped, and blundered about, as if it didn't care whether it worked or not; but as he wasn't inspired with absolute fear, they went a little nearer, and as they approached, Aunt Eleanor, who knew Legge well by his arms, which he at all times swung in a most extraordinary fashion, cried out—"Is that you, Mr. Legge?"

"Yes ma'am," replied Legge, promptly, for he knew the voice in an instant. "Is there anything amiss ma'am?"

"What, in the name of goodness, did those persons want here just now?"

"They thought they saw a ghost, ma'am."

"Ridiculous! I really have no patience with such folly."

"I know," observed Pokey, "that something appeared, and at that very window, too."

"'Twas I, you simple man," said Aunt Eleanor. "You saw me appear at the window. I'm ashamed of you. Tell them from me, Mr. Legge, that if they come here again, I'll have them all taken up: they shall all be punished: I will not submit to be thus annoyed. Good night."

She then retired from the window, and they, being quite satisfied, returned to their friends; the whole of whom felt exceedingly mortified on learning, not only that they had been thus deceived, but that they had been the cause of annoyance to a lady, who had been so kind to the poor around, and to whom the whole village had reason to be grateful.

They, notwithstanding, had Pokey's two gallons in: and Click, in order to heal the deep wounds he had inflicted on the feelings of Obadiah, ordered two gallons more, but Obadiah again and again declared he'd never forgive him: nor when the party, at midnight, broke up, had a reconciliation between those two gentlemen been effected.

## CHAPTE VII.

### THE PICKLED SMALLS.

UPON those who live in the midst of excitement, who not only feel the world's buffets themselves, but see the world buffeting all around them—whose lives are one perpetual struggle—whose career is a series of ups and

downs—who are constantly compelled to be on the *qui vivé*—who, from morning till night, and from year to year, are engaged in overcoming those barriers by which their progress in life is impeded—who, either to amass wealth, or to gain a mere subsistence, have their minds continually on the stretch—who are surrounded by difficulties springing, not only from honorable competition, but from trickery, malignity, and envy—who are thwarted at every step—who are opposed at every point, and have to dodge through the world, which is to them one huge labyrinth, out of which they scarcely know how to get with honor—troubles of an unimportant caste make but little impression, for they really have not time to think much about them; but they, whose lives are passed in an almost perpetual calm—who live but to live—who have a competence which secures to them comfort—who have nothing but tranquility around them—nothing to prepare for in this world but the next—whose course is clear, whose career is smooth—who experience neither ups nor downs—who live on, and on, in the spirit of peace, hoping for peace hereafter—who know but little of life, or its vicissitudes—who have nothing to oppose their progress—no difficulties to surmount, no barriers to break down, no competition to encounter, no struggling, no straining, no manœuvring—they magnify every cause of vexation by dwelling upon it, brooding over it, and making it the germ of a thousand conceptions, as if anxious to ascertain what monstrous fruit it can thus be imagined to bear.

The impression, however, is not intended to be conveyed that the difficulties which beset Aunt Eleanor at this period were small! the object proposed is merely to show that, however great they might be, they were perfectly sure to be magnified; seeing that she had never had but one important trouble, and that, with this exception—the nature of which will be hereafter explained—her whole life had been characterised by an almost uninterrupted flow of tranquility. But, even if this had not been shown, it would scarcely have been deemed, under the circumstances, extraordinary, that these occurrences—for which she could no in any way account—should have seriously interfered with her spirit's peace.

But these annoyances were not all she had been doomed to endure. In the morning when Mary went to assist her to dress, she went, fraught with another mysterious cause of vexation.

"Oh, ma'am!" she exclaimed. "There's been sich goings on! Oh! I never did see, ma'am! The things is all turned topsy-turvy. The picturs, cheers, everything. Oh! it is horrid!"

"What is it you mean, Mary?"

"Oh! ma'am! only jist come down stairs, ma'am; that's all."

"But what do you mean?"

"There's been thieves in the house, ma'am! But do come and see. Jist slip on your things, ma'am, and only jist look at the horrid upset."

Aunt Eleanor did slip on her things, and on



reaching the door of her favorite parlour, beheld a scene of unexampled confusion. Everything had been displaced. The tables had been turned upside down, and the chairs piled ingeniously upon them: the pictures had been taken from the walls, and placed round the room upon the carpet: the vases, lamps, dogs, lions, and tigers, had been removed from the mantelpiece to the couch: the china and glass had been taken from the sideboard, and arranged fantastically upon the piano; while, in order to compromise the matter with the sideboard, the hearth-rug, coal-scuttle, fire-irons, and fender, had been in due form placed upon it; but nothing had been broken—nothing even injured!

Aunt Eleanor gazed for a few moments upon this most extraordinary state of things in silence; but, having at length observed calmly that it demanded minute investigation, she locked the door, and taking the key with her, returned to her chamber to dress.

Here she tranquilly turned the thing over in her mind; and, having viewed it in connexion with the ghost-hunting party, she resolved on sending for her reverend friend, with the view of placing the matter before him.

In pursuance of this resolution, she, on descending to the breakfast-room, opened her desk and proceeded to write a note to the reverend gentleman; but she had scarcely commenced it, when Mary appeared: and, having informed her that neither bread, butter, eggs, nor ham, could be found, inquired not only what *was* to become of them, but what was to be done.

"Can you not find enough for breakfast?"

"Lor bless you ma'am, they havn't left a mite!"

Aunt Eleanor pressed her lips closely together, and finished the note; and while folding it, said—

"Light the taper, Mary; and then desire Judkins to come here."

"Judkins, ma'am, can't get up yet," replied Mary.

"Why not? Is he ill?"

"No, ma'am, he isn't ill."

"Why, then, can he not get up?"

"Because ma'am, they've taken away all his things."

"Good gracious! What next shall I hear? Well, put on your bonnet, and take this note, and bring in with you what we require for breakfast."

The note being sealed, Mary left the room, and Sylvester soon after entered; and when his aunt, as usual, had kissed him, and expressed her fond hope that he was well, she proceeded to explain to him what had occurred; and thereby to fill him with utter amazement.

"My dear aunt," said he, "what can it all mean?"

"Heaven only knows! I cannot even conjecture. But just come with me, dear, and look at the things. There," she added, on opening the parlor-door, "did you ever see a room in such a state of confusion?"

Sylvester looked, and really felt, astonished.

"You see," she continued; "there's not a single thing in its place."

"But what *could* have been their object?" said Sylvester. "The things are disarranged, it is true; but they appear to have disturbed them with great consideration. I cannot conceive what their motive could have been."

"Nor can I! unless, indeed, it were merely to annoy me."

"I should say that had that been their object, they would never have removed them with so much care. The things have not been thrown together, you perceive: it has been a work of time. Look at this china and glass; there is some little taste, you perceive, displayed in the arrangement."

"I do not admire the taste displayed, but they certainly have been most carefully handled. But that, my dear, which annoys me more than all, is the fact of my being unable to imagine, not only who did it, but how it was done. I should say myself, that thieves have not been in the house. I miss nothing here. The only things which have disappeared, with the exception of the bread, butter, eggs, and ham, are the clothes of poor Judkins."

"Are they gone? Well—that is strange."

"And, especially as there are many things much more portable, and infinitely more valuable here: that time-piece, for instance, is worth thirty pounds. However, not a thing shall be touched until Mr. Rouse comes. I'll have the whole matter investigated fully."

She then returned to the breakfast-room, and Sylvester went up to Judkins, whom he found still in bed, for he hadn't a thing to put on.

"Why, how is this, Judkins?" said Sylvester, as he entered; "I hear that you have lost all your clothes."

"Every rag: every individual rag," replied Judkins; "I haven't a mite of anything to put on. I shouldn't have cared if they'd only just left me a pair of breeches; but blarney 'em, to take away the lot was ondecient."

"Didn't you hear them at all?"

"I only wish for their sakes I had; I'd ha' cooked the goose of one or two of 'em I'll warrant. It's worse than highway robbery, ten times over. I'd ha' forgiven 'em if they'd stopped me on the road, but to crawl in and steal a man's clothes clandestinely when he's asleep, is the warmintest proceeding I ever heard tell on."

"Well, how do you mean to manage? Shall I run to the tailor for you?"

"No, I thank you, sir; Mary's just gone to the Parson's gardener, to ask him to lend me a pair of breeches and a waistcoat; but I don't know whether he will or not, I'm sure."

"My trousers, I suppose, will not fit you?"

"Lor' bless you—I should split 'em all to ribbons; I couldn't get my arms in. Blister 'em: all I wonder at is, they didn't take off my shirt. They *have* got my stockings. Shouldn't I like to catch 'em. If I ever do come across 'em, I wish 'em success."

Mary now came to the door with a bundle, for Jones—having heard the whole matter explained—had opened his heart, and sent the

clothes; and when Sylvester had handed them over to Judkins, he left him to rejoin his aunt.

(*To be continued.*)

#### A FRIENDLY CAUTION,

*Addressed to a Young Lady, on entering her nineteenth year.*

BY R. ATHOW WEST.

Afloat upon the limpid stream,  
The bark glides gaily on its way,  
The flowery banks with verdure teem,  
Each songster gives its sweetest lay!  
And gilded by the solar ray,  
The distance seems yet still more bright;  
The voyager is blythe and gay,  
His heart beats high with wild delight!

Be cautious, youthful voyager!  
Danger's ahead! Yon sparkling wave  
Is but a rock concealing, where  
Thy bark may founder ere it brave  
The open sea! Ah! such the stream,  
On which our own frail bark is cast:  
The future lit by hope's bright beam,  
To which we press in eager haste!

And fair one, even such is Youth,  
While fancy wears the garb of truth!  
A voyage fraught with mirth and glee,  
Yet not from every danger free!  
A path beset with many a gem,  
And lovely flower on pensile stem!  
An hour of pleasure and of joy,  
Saddened by after cares' alloy!  
A dream which future years will tell,  
Was holding but a transient spell!  
A tender bud, which yet may blossom fair,  
And fill with fragrance the surrounding air!

And such your journey; even now  
The bloom of youth is on your brow!  
That bloom may pass away, and care  
May chance to leave its wrinkles there!  
But heaven protect and guide you, then  
Beauty in death shall bloom again.

O may you never, never know  
Those bitter pangs of secret woe,  
Which furrow deep the cheek with tears,  
And give us age without its years!  
Sorrow may be your lot, your heart  
May bleed beneath the painful smart  
Of cold neglect, and hope may die  
Or close its blossoms droopingly!  
Be not dismayed, e'en sorrow's night  
May flee before the morning's light!  
Cheered by the solar ray, young hope  
May yet its drooping head lift up!  
Be fearful only, when you have  
No buffetings from sorrow's wave:  
And tremble, but when pleasure's ray  
Dances too brightly on your way.  
And love may wound you with his dart,

And suitors ask to share your heart!  
Trust not the FOP;—the fop entire  
Will never to your heart aspire!  
Trust not the FLIRT;—he would but gain  
Your love, then slight the gift as vain!  
Trust not the BARD, till you discover  
That the first glow of feeling's over:  
If still he love in sober hour,  
Not ought on earth can quench its power!  
But trust the man of sober sense,  
Whose heart's guest is BENEVOLENCE!  
Of temper even,—motives pure,—  
With him your comfort is secure.

#### REMINISCENCES OF A VOYAGE.

BY THE EDITOR.

(*Continued from page 130.*)

This declaration, having been duly signed, was given into the hands of the second mate, to be by him presented to the proper officer, when he came on board, and he was to endorse it with a description of Mr. Green's personal appearance, and cause it to be placed on the records of the Common Council, and published in all the city papers! He was now told that he might keep his mind at rest, for this document, and Captain Pearce's recommendation, would probably secure him from arrest; and the poor fellow, with the warmest expressions of gratitude, thanked his friendly advisers for "the interest they had taken in the matter," and he was allowed a little breathing time before he was again to be the victim of Jones' hoaxing propensities.

The following day brought us signs that we were approaching the banks of Newfoundland, in the large flocks of sea-gulls that followed in the wake of the Ranger. Notwithstanding the unfortunate name given to these birds, they display a sagacity which even some bipeds might copy with profit, and they are undeniably graceful in their movements as they skim the surface of the sea, or sit upon the dark green waters, the picture of security and ease. Of their sagacity we had several proofs. One I may name here, as the circumstances under which it was displayed will be about as unique as the passport affair. During the forenoon, Mr. Green's attention was directed to the movements of these new visitants; as they approached near the vessel, he amused himself by throwing at them a large marlin-spike, attached to a rope of some few yards in length, which, if it had hit one of the poor gulls, would undoubtedly have finished its course. After playing at that game for some time, the second mate said to him,

"Any one may see that you have not



been across the Atlantic before, Mr. Green, or you would know better how to catch sea-gulls. You should have a hook and line."

"Nay, you are *gulling* me now, Mr. Jones," said Green smiling complacently at his own cleverness in punning.

By dint, however, of persuasion, Mr. Green was induced to make the trial: and might be seen in the stern boat, heedless of a cold North-East wind, methodically and artistically casting his line in the ship's wake, with some fifty or a hundred *other* gulls flitting and screaming around him, and ever and anon stooping and pecking at the bait, but shewing no disposition to swallow the concealed barb. Many solicitous enquiries were made of the novel fisherman as to his success, to which he generally responded that he had had two or three *nibbles*.—And it was in connection with these nibbles that the remarkable instance of instinct and cunning, to which I have referred, was displayed. One of the gulls, more easily gulled than the rest, nibbled a little too near the hook, and by a dexterous jerk on the part of our intelligent friend, was made to feel that under the rose there lurked the cruel thorn, or less poetically, under the pork there lurked a hook. Unlike its tormentor, however, it was not to be twice caught in the same snare, and with a love of its species that might have put to the blush the disinterestedness of modern philanthropy, that patient bird remained for half an hour near the tempting evil, and as often as others approached it, raised a peculiar cry, which effectually prevented the new-comers from falling into Mr. Green's cunning trap, until at last there remained but two of the species—the gull in the boat and the gull in the water,—the former fretted, and annoyed, and discontented at his ill success with which he was abundantly reproached; the other, in a double sense the *lesser* one, looking meekly and rebukingly into his face, or with a malicious fun lurking in its little, quiet, round, watery eye, winked at the consummate simpleton, as much as to say "not so great a fool as you—take me to be."

How expressive is the voice of nature.—The peculiar cry uttered by that bird, so readily understood by its feathered "brethern and sisters," was equally intelligible to all who heard it, albeit it was novel to our ears! And 'tis ever thus throughout the universal dominions of that Beneficent Being who

"leads Orion forth,  
And wields Arcturus round the north,"

one universal instinct—an immutable and involuntary sympathy—that when allowed to speak in its own sweet and dulcet, yet

thrilling and powerful tones, is infallibly understood, and as certainly responded to by every member of Creation's scattered family.

In the very centre of the grand Bank of Newfoundland, we were fortunately becalmed for three or four hours. I say fortunately, because it allowed of our catching half a dozen fine Codfish, and though no epicure, I confess to sundry most agreeable sensations, as, under the cook's artistic skill, one of them went through a variety of culinary processes, preparatory to its being "laid on the table." And who that has been five weeks at sea, living on ship biscuit and salt junk, would not have experienced some little moisture of the palate, and been the subject of epicurean sensibilities, on seeing before him, in all its spangled beauty and faultless symmetry—garnished too with suitable etcæteras—the identical fish, which he had himself, but two hours before, hauled up from twenty-five fathoms below the surface of the sea! O—but let that pass—though I "guess" I shall ne'er again taste so sweet a morsel. The skeleton fish afforded Mr. Adolphus Green an opportunity to deliver a most learned lecture on Anatomy, to which, being in most pleasant humor, we listened with imperturbable gravity, the captain at length chiming in with an enquiry, as to the most recent improvements in amputation adopted by the English faculty, which rather posed our young gentleman.

"Because, (said Captain Pearce,) there has been a most wonderful and easy method of amputation introduced in New York, by a medical gentleman there, of high reputation."

"Indeed sir," said Green eagerly, "do you know anything of the method they follow?"

"Why, not much," (said capt. P.) "but I believe it is done by *blasting*!"

"By *what*, sir?" said Green, with that peculiar expression of countenance which a man assumes when he suspects he is being hoaxed, and yet dare not say so, lest he should betray his ignorance.

"I said by *blasting*, sir," responded the captain, looking the young surgeon sternly in the face; or rather, I should say, endeavoring to do so, for to us, who plainly saw what he was after, his countenance was irresistibly droll, being an impersonation of comedy and tragedy, the stern and the bland, the serious and the ludicrous. "The plan, sir, so far as I can understand it, is this.—By a very peculiar instrument, an incision is made at the place where the amputation is to take place. This incision is made entirely round the limb, and the trough or channel, which the instrument makes, is

filled with a combustible powder, which, being fired, forces off instantaneously the diseased part of the limb, with much less pain to the patient than the ordinary method; performs the operation much more neatly, and has the advantage, you see, Mr. Green, of cauterizing the wound at the same time, thereby preventing the effusion of blood, which so often, I believe, places the life of the patient in imminent danger. Is it not so, Mr. Green? for on this point, sir, I regard you as high authority."

This was said in the blindest possible tones, and the captain threw so much respect and deference into his manner, that Green was taken completely off his guard. He ventured, however, to suggest that blowing off a limb by gunpowder, was rather likely to shatter the parts, and was also surprised that he had heard nothing of this surgical novelty.

The captain was aware of Mr. Green's acuteness of observation, and of his ardent devotion to his profession, but reminded him that he did not say it *was* gunpowder that was used in the operation, but something *very much like it*.

"Oh!" (said Mr. Green,) "that, sir, removes the difficulty I saw. I am not a prejudiced man, Captain Pearce, and should be very glad to adopt any improvements in my profession, even though (with a slight emphasis upon the word *even*) they should originate in America. Would you oblige me with the address of the gentleman who adopts this practice?" and he handed to the captain his own card to have the name endorsed on the back of it.

The captain took it, and writing the words Dr. — No. — Broadway, returned it to Green, who politely thanked him for his kindness, and promised to call upon the gentleman for further and full information respecting this new discovery in *practical science*.

Reader, did you ever witness a sun-rise at sea? If not, I would advise you to take a voyage, for the sole purpose of beholding its peerless beauty! Describe it, I cannot, nor could more gifted powers—not even Bryant, or Willis, or Cooper—pencil its glories, when seen on a fitting and beauteous morn! The exquisite, and rich, and splendid hues of the sky preparatory to the sun's appearing above the horizon! The brilliant crimson, deepening into intense violet, then melting into purest gold, and mingling with the bright azure of the sky, was beyond all description, superlatively, magnificently glorious! And the waves, in joyous rivalry, and playful gambols, ran on to meet the gently rising sun, and win the first young

kiss from his warm and genial rays; and all combined to reflect the lustre and supernal splendor of that opening of the day. And the evening of the day was scarcely less beautiful. The sun went down majestically, through pyramids of clouds, into the chambers of the West. The air was mild, and gentle, and even balmy, for Ocean's breath; the tassellated pavement of the "better world" displayed its countless gems—

'Twas evening calm! the sun had sunk to rest,  
And golden clouds had curtained round his bed;  
The heavens seemed waiting for their nightly guest,  
The pensive moon, with slow and silent tread:—  
'Twas evening calm—the beauty of that hour,  
And balmy stillness, ever fills my soul  
With deep, adoring reverence of that power  
Which guides the planets as they onward roll  
Through yon vast arch;—who bade the world to be,  
And it up-sprang from vague nonentity.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### IRISH AND ENGLISH CHARACTER.

If an Irish gentleman does not give you a more hearty welcome than an Englishman, at least he has a more hearty manner of welcoming you; and while the latter reserves his fun and humor (if he possess those qualities) for his particular friends, the former is ready to and talk laugh his best with all the world, and give way entirely to his mood. And it would be a good opportunity here for a man who is clever at philosophising to expound various theories upon the modes of hospitality practised in various parts of Europe. In a couple of hours' talk, an Englishman will give you his notions on trade, politics, the crops, the last run with the hounds, or the weather: it requires a long sitting, and a bottle of wine at least, to induce him to laugh cordially, or to speak unreservedly; and if you joke with him before you know him, he will assuredly set you down as a low impertinent fellow. In two hours, and over a pipe, a German will be quite ready to let loose the easy flood-gates of his sentiments, and confide to you many of the secrets of his soft heart. In two hours a Frenchman will say a hundred and twenty smart, witty, brilliant, false things, and will care for you as much then as he would if you saw him every day for twenty years—that is, not one single straw; and in two hours an Irishman will have allowed his jovial humor to unbutton, and gambolled and frolicked to his heart's content. Which of these, putting *Monsieur* out of the question, will stand by his friend, with the most constancy, and maintain his steady wish to serve him?—That is a question which the Englishman (and I think with a little of his ordinary cool assumption) is disposed to decide in his



own favor; but it is clear that for a stranger, the Irish ways are the pleasantest, for here he is at once made happy and at home, or at ease rather, for home is a strong word, and implies much more than any stranger can expect or even desire to claim.—*Thackeray's Irish Sketch-Book.*

#### BUTTONS AND MATRIMONY.

In the course of your long, and I hope, well-spent life, has it never come with thunderbolt conviction upon you, that all washer-women, clear-starchers, getters up of fine linen, or under whatever name Eve's daughters cleanse and beautify flax and cotton, that they are all under some compact, implied or solemnly entered into amongst themselves and their non-washing, non-starching, non-getting-up sisterhood, that by means subtle, and almost mortally certain, they shall worry, coax, or drive all bachelors and widowers soever into the pound of irredeemable wedlock? "Has this tremendous truth, sir, never struck you?"—"How,—by what means?" "Simply, by buttons," answered the Hermit, bringing down his clenched fist upon the table. "See here, sir," said he, leaning still further across the table. "I will take a man, who, on his outstart in life, sets his hat acock at matrimony—a man who defies Hymen and all his wicked wiles. Nevertheless, sir, the man must wear a shirt; the man must have a washer-woman. Think you, that that shirt, returning from the tub, never wants one—two—three buttons? Always, sir,—always, sir; though I am now an anchorite, I have lived in your bustling world, and seen, aye, quite as much as any one, of its manifold wickedness. Well, the man—buttonless man—at first calmly remonstrates with his laundress. He pathetically wrings his wrist at her, and shows his condition. The woman turns upon him her wainscoat face, and promises amendment. The thing shall never happen again. The week revolves. Think you, the next shirt has its just and lawful number of buttons? Week after week the poor man wrangles with his washer-woman. From the very gentleness of even maidenly complaint, the remonstrance rises to a hurricane of abuse; and still the washer-woman, as it would seem, bound by her oath to her unmarried sisterhood, brings home no shirt complete in all its buttons. Man—the fiercest of his kind—cannot always rage. He becomes tired—ashamed of clamor. He sighs, and bears his buttonless fate. His thoughts take a new turn. In his melancholy, his heart opens; he is softened—subdued; and in this, his hour of weakness, a voice—a de-

mon voice—whispers to him, 'Fond, foolish man! why trust thy buttons to an alien? Why helplessly depend upon the needle and thread of one who loves not thee, but thy shilling? Take a wife; have a woman of thine own, who shall care for thy buttons!' The tempter is strong. The man smiles distrustfully, but still he smiles. That very night—it so happens—he goes to a house-warming. He is partner at cards with Miss Kitty. She never did look so toothsome. And then her voice—'twould coax a nail out of heart of oak. The man thinks of his buttons; and before he leaves the house, Kitty has been brought to confess that she doesn't know what she *may* do—she may marry, or she may not." "Is it possible?" we cried, with a laugh. "Sir," said the Hermit, "'tis not a thing to idly laugh at. Take fifty matches, and be assured of it, if you sift 'em well, out of forty, at least, you'll find buttons in some shape at the bottom of 'em."

#### THE DUEL THAT DID NOT COME OFF.

The attempt to turn the Irish Court of Queen's Bench into a Court of Honor, is no doubt highly creditable to Attorney General Smith, whose chivalrous feeling is worthy the days of the old Templars, when every other barrister was a crested knight, and every clerk was a coated and mailed Esquire. We confess we see nothing extraordinary in the conduct of the Irish Attorney-General, and are ready to sing,

"Oh! 'tis a glorious sight to see,  
The charge of a legal chivalry!"

We can fully appreciate the knightly emotions of Smith on being fretted, worried, teased, and tormented, by Fitzgibbon, and the following

#### LAY OF THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL

might have been written by one of the old chroniclers, and sung by one of the young troubadours, as the

#### LEGAL WAR-WHOOP.

To battle, is my constant cry,  
Then follow up your chief,  
I'll like a lawyer do or die,  
My weapon is my brief.  
I wear no plume upon my crest,  
Except an office pen,  
Dragged from the lacerated breast  
Of some old artful hen.  
My gauntlet is the iron hand  
That grasps the golden fee;  
I lead a small but daring band,  
Then follow—follow me!

PUNCH.

JUSTICE.—Of justice, what less can be said than that her seat is the bosom of God—her voice the harmony of the world.

*From the London Illustrated Magazine.*

### THE STOLEN SHOULDERS.

BY THE LATE AUTHOR OF "THREE COURSES AND A DESERT."

THIS assize came off before I went into business for myself. It was tried during the period I occupied the situation of junior-desk, front-door clerk, in the office of Mr. Ephraim Hobbs. All the circumstances are strong in my recollection, nor is it a matter of wonder that they are, for the odd turn which the prosecution took, had an important influence on my own destiny. I may as well mention at once, that I never felt thoroughly in love with any female in the world but Miss Kitty Hobbs, my respected and wealthy employer's only child, then a beautiful hoyden, a fraction or so above seventeen, and entitled, by the will of a grand-aunt, to 10,000*l.* long annuities, on the day of her marriage, or that of her becoming of age, whichever might first happen; no bequest could be more clear, or less unfettered by contingencies. The testatrix, detesting law, though her brother-in-law was an attorney, had, under first-rate professional advice, so worded her will, as, if possible, to avoid the possibility of a quibble being raised, whereupon to found a suit. I have reason to admire her good sense, and to revere her memory; but judging from her portrait, which disfigures, rather than adorns, that side of my study to which the back of my chair, when I read or write, from long habit, I suppose, seems to be inveterately turned, it is no matter of regret to me that she and I were never acquainted; a cross-eyed, crabbed-mouthed, crusty-cheeked old crone: an accidental glimpse at the innocent canvass that has been made the means of perpetuating her vinegar countenance, is always sufficient to set my teeth on edge. Yet, odd to say, her grand-niece, the young, the blooming, soft-eyed, rosy-mouthed Kitty, was wonderfully like her; so much so, indeed, that I have often said to myself, "is it possible that ever this good lady could have looked like Kate, or that Kate will ever look like her?"

Hobbs had an excellent practice. He kept no less than seven clerks, though only a country attorney. Two of them, I recollect, from the wide range of his business, were allowed horses. He was steward to the Earl of Rolthead, and concerned for nearly all the good old families within a circuit of ten or fifteen miles. "Semper vigilans" was his motto, and truly no man could be more wide awake. He lived in good style; still every one who knew him, felt conscious that he was rapidly feathering

his nest. His residence was in the precincts of the assize-town for the county, of which, by-the-bye, he was treasurer and clerk of the peace, not that it matters much to state these circumstances.

Now for a word or two about myself.—My father and mother, of whom I was the only child, both died while I was young. I have not the slightest recollection of either, except a vague idea, indistinct, uncertain, and unsatisfactory, as the remembrance of some fragments of an old dream, that once when I was lying sick, and half-asleep, a tall, pale, beautiful, and richly-dressed lady, with large dark eyes, who, I have reason to know, must have been my mother, came to my bed-side, weeping so violently, that, as she bent over me, the tears fell fast and hot upon my burning brow, and that she dabbed them up with her rich, glossy, raven locks, which were all dishevelled like those of one in utter despair. As I should think, that must have been the day on which my father suddenly died. She, I learn, did not long survive him. I have a portrait of him, not at all prepossessing—would to God I had one of her! I say this most intensely. I have said it a thousand times, I feel assured that I shall do so a thousand more. She has passed away from the face of the earth, and nothing remains of her on its surface, but one of those jetty locks, beneath which her marble forehead used to gleam. I have it, and no man's exchequer is rich enough to buy it of me. It is enshrined in a little silver locket, set around with minute pearls, intrinsically worth about a guinea, but to me the trumpery bit of bijouterie is inestimable. It contains *all that is*, of one who gave me life. My path through life has been much chequered; more than once, or twice, or thrice, I have actually wanted bread; absolute starvation has stared me in the face, but I never have had courage enough to part with the sacred monument in which my mother is enshrined. Notwithstanding all the rubs of life, I glory to say she is mine still. Critics talk of the degradation of the sublime art of painting when applied to mere portraiture. But what stuff this is! Portrait painting is historical painting in the highest sense of the latter term. How infinitely more valuable is an authentic delineation of the features of Wolfe, than any imaginative composition, proposing to depict the circumstances of his death at Quebec! And in private life, what object of art can be so endearing as that which displays the well-known form, the features, and the expression of a much-loved relative—a mother, for instance, a sister who died in her teens,



or a child, an only one, it may be, who blossomed and withered away while yet an infant? In such cases, the portrait not only affords a reminiscence, but is an absolute authoritative and gratifying record of that much-loved being, who was, and has passed away. I once knew an artist, who almost broke his heart in fruitless attempts to make a sketch from memory of his departed daughter, a beautiful girl, who died when between fourteen and fifteen.

Well, on the death of my parents, I was transferred to the care of my father's executors, each of whom like himself, was a downright dare-devil fox-hunter. They sent me, when old enough, to a very expensive school; indulged me in lots of luxuries, and, about my fifteenth year, articleed me, giving a very heavy premium, to a tip-top attorney in town. During the five years of my legal apprenticeship, never being deficient of money, I lived like a fighting cock, and being regarded as a young man of fortune, was made to learn nothing. Indeed, I took a foolish pride in assuming more ignorance than could fairly be imputed to me, of everything relating to legal affairs. At the close of my articles a frightful change came over the face of my affairs. Both the fox-hunters, after having dissipated my father's money, suddenly went to the dogs, leaving me penniless. After, however, having undergone an infinity of mortifications, and surmounted various appalling difficulties, I found myself, through the instrumentality of one, to whom, it seems, I happened to be kind when he was an errand-boy to the gentleman with whom I was articleed, installed with a seedy coat, a lank cheek, an hungry belly, on a stool at one of the desks in the office of Mr. Ephraim Hobbs; to whom my friend, the *ci-devant* errand-boy was cash clerk, and consequently, though young, shaved the top of his head, and wore hair powder, in order to look sufficiently respectable for his important office.

Being the junior gentleman at desk, I had to remain at my post, while all the others went to dinner. I did not regret this much, as during their absence, Miss Kitty, almost every day, at that particular time, wanted wafers, papers, or something or other out of the office. Gradually we became on familiar terms, and at length the young beauty, pretending to take offence at something I said, condescended to pout at and pinch me. That night, ambition and love totally deprived me of sleep. Early the next morning, while I was alone in the office, Mr. Hobbs called me into his room and asked me if I thought he might entrust me to deliver a brief. I replied, with a heart beat-

ing high with hope at the prospect of having an opportunity of distinguishing myself, that I did not know but I would do my best. To my dismay he hesitated for a moment, then turned on his heel, and walked slowly into the outer office; "Confound it," he exclaimed, suddenly returning, and speaking rather to himself than to me; "I wish either of the other young men—either—no matter which—was in: for even Grundy himself, fool as he is, knows the routine. Where can they *all* be. *All?*" The assizes were then being held at the neighboring county town. We had a very heavy and important cause (a writ of right, I remember,) fixed to be taken the first thing on the following morning; and the clerks were *all*, in fact, scouring the county in different directions for the purpose of bringing up a formidable array of some sixty or seventy witnesses.—Of these circumstances I was about to remind him; but scarcely had I spoken three words, when he interrupted me by foolishly exclaiming: "Yes—yes—I know: don't perplex—don't worry—don't enrage me. You see me in a state of—what shall I say?—and I must be off myself in a second—and yet you will. . . . Is there no beating any sense into you? Are you so utterly void of discrimination? But come, come," he added, in a somewhat kinder tone, noticing my emotion; "don't be agitated; for I'm not angry—not positively angry, observe; though its very provoking—very so indeed—the first instance I ever met with in my life, of a very stupid young fellow being at all sensitive. Now, attend to what I say. I shall intrust this case to your management. Don't be frightened; for it is so utterly hopeless that you can scarcely blunder into any mischief. It is an affair of two sheep or rather two shoulders of mutton. The animals were stolen by one Higgins. After his trial and conviction this morning, our client, Aminadab Loam, will be arraigned as receiver of part of the stolen goods.—The constable, it seems, traced two of the shoulders to our client's possession, and found them baking, both *at once*, in his oven. My noble client, the Earl of Rolthead, with that exalted benevolence which so pre-eminently distinguishes him, has, at the earnest and pathetic entreaties of the young man's sister-in-law, Miss Potiphar Loam, the young milliner; and with a view of ensuring him a fair trial, on the glorious principle, that every man is to be supposed innocent, until proved to be guilty, humanely instructed me, at his lordship's own costs and charges, to defend the prisoner. You will, therefore, hasten into the town, inquire for the Criminal Court, enter it boldly; and

should the ushers' attempt to stop you, as looking at your appearance they most probably will, floor them without the least delay; ask them who are they, you should like to know? and say, pushing them with an air of outraged dignity, that you're Mr. Ephraim Hobbs' managing clerk in criminal business. Never mind the lie. In the court, you'll be sure to see Sir Gumption Taw, the gentleman who came to dine here with Serjeant Bagtheblunt, yesterday; give him this brief, and as soon as the case is over, fight your way out of court, and run as if for your life, hither to inform us of the result,—us, I say, for the earl himself will be here anxious to know the effect of his beneficent interference. Nothing can be more simple, you see: a child, an idiot, might do the business; I expect, therefore, that even you won't make a mess of it. Indeed, I don't see how you can," he continued again, half soliloquizing; and, as I was retiring, "or, to be more frank, I would not trust you, that is, had I any one—no matter who—any one else at hand."

Big with the consciousness of bearing a *bonâ fide* brief, though merely on behalf of the receiver of a portion of some lost sheep or so, and eager, if possible, to distinguish myself, I rushed, with zealous haste out of the house, and ran for nearly a mile, best pace, as the sportsmen say, dreading at every step to be overtaken by a countermand. In the town, all was bustle, eagerness and confusion. I saw many of the old accustomed London faces, but avoiding recognition, hurried onward to the court-house. Oh! thought I, if I can but do something noble—something great, in this case! with what honor shall I return! with what pride, to-morrow, while the other clerks are at dinner, shall I relate the particulars of the exploit to Catherine, as, to use the simple language, with a mere nominal alteration, of some humble songster,—

"The thought of Miss Kitty still ran in my mind,  
For Love did torment me so."

'Tis true the case appeared to be quite hopeless, as Mr. Hobbs said, still there was no knowing what might happen; and then, again, the more utterly hopeless it was, the greater honor would legitimately accrue to me, could I succeed in getting the pretty Miss Potiphar's unhappy brother off. The benevolent Lord Rolthead, in consideration of my triumphantly fulfilling his benevolent intentions, might positively ask me to dine at his table. In imagination, I was complacently picking my teeth over his Lordship's pine-apples and milk-punch, at a very square party, with Hobbs opposite me, and the parson of the parish acting as croupier,

when I reached the Court-house door. As luck would have it, the door-keeper of the criminal side happened to have been one of the ticket-porters in the Inn of Court where I had served my time. During my golden days, the poor lean rogue used to black my boots. Now he was fat, burly, and exhibited other ostensible signs of promotion. His sister—a sweet little blue-eyed girl—but let me not breathe a syllable against one, who died with a beautiful baby (in giving life to whom she parted with her own existence,) on her pillow, and whose last words were:—"Oh! if I had but the wedding-ring of poor Ned—which he so often offered me, and though he was but a humble journeyman carpenter—on my finger, I should feel proud to go to the other world in this way; but as it is, save me, Doctor! save me, for God's sake! I can't—I won't—I mustn't die in sin and sorrow thus." Poor sweet thing! she *did* die, though no human being ever made more desperate efforts to live.—Her brother was disconsolate at the catastrophe; and, in the hope of restoring him to his tranquility, a certain grave benchman obtained him the post in which I found him officiating.

He recognized me in an instant. A tear (I solemnly swear to the fact) gushed into each of his eyes, as he took in, at a glance, the *tout ensemble* of my shabby costume; and, slily slipping a crown into my hand, (which, somehow or other, I had not the presence of mind enough to reject,) he opened the door, and without uttering a word, pushed me bang among the assembled barristers.

Sir Gumption Taw, whom I had seen the day before on his alighting with Sergeant Bagtheblunt at my employer's door, was seated at the opposite side of the table, nearly under the judge. It was impossible to get at him. I could not even catch his eye, until after I had contrived, through the medium of many barristers and attorneys, intervening between my position and his—for the Court was much crowded—to forward him my brief. Then, indeed, his professional glance took a rapid circuit of the Court, and at length fell upon me. I significantly bowed, and he no less significantly smiled. He then sat down, and with an affectation of desperate fortitude began to read the brief. Higgins, the stealer of the sheep, was already on his trial. Indeed, when I entered the Court, his Lordship had nearly concluded summing up; and before Sir Gumption had waded through the sheets, I had succeeded in getting placed before him. The Jury, without the slightest hesitation, had returned a verdict of *Guilty* against the prisoner at the bar.



The principal, as the thief is politely designated on these occasions, having been tried and convicted, every impediment was removed to the arraignment of our worthy client, the receiver. He was brought into the back part of the dock in time to hear the fag end of the sentence pronounced on his friend, the principal. I cannot, in justice, describe his appearance as prepossessing. He had an immense mass of red, ropy hair, piled in confusion, with the ends sticking up like carrots, on a head as big as a bushel. His eyes were very small, set askew in the sockets, and otherwise pig-like. His nose, too, which was upturned, and very moveable, strikingly reminded me forcibly of a hog's snout. His mouth was of huge dimensions, and bristling with tusches. Altogether, he looked just the sort of person that would take two shoulders of mutton for one meal. A good physiognomist might have made a tolerable correct guess at the offence for which he was about to be tried. My heart sank within me, for I saw it was all up with us. When told to raise his hand and plead in the usual form, the stupid booby held up not one, but both; and at the appearance of the huge fat paws dangling in the air from his wrists, a titter, sickening to me and ruinous to our client, ran round the whole Court. Every one seemed to be struck with the same idea; and before the titter had subsided, the wag of the circuit, an old bottle-nosed little barrister, remarked, with a grin, to his Lordship, that "the prisoner at the bar actually came into Court with the fact upon him, for *two* such shoulder-of-mutton fists I, for one, never beheld." Bad as his jest was, it set the whole Court, as usual in such cases, (for the worst of jokes will tell in a Criminal Court), on the broad grin. The Judge looked at the jury—the jury looked at the Judge—the Bar looked at both—and the spectators at all three; and each party, keeping the other in countenance, a general giggle ensued, in which even the booby at the bar could not refrain from joining. To me, alone, it was no joke.

While the indictment was being read, the jury, to do them justice, carefully compared the charges therein contained with the prisoner's countenance, from which, however, conviction seemed to flash upon their minds at the utterance of every word. Our counsel looked at me across the table, and, by the mode in which he took snuff, and threw down our brief, telegraphically told me that there was not the slightest chance. The first witness (a parish constable), ambitious to prove all that he possibly could, completely settled the question with his Lordship, who, when two shoulders of mutton,

clearly belonging to the stolen sheep, were proved to have been traced, beyond the slightest doubt, by the parochial functionary, into the prisoner's oven, looked most significantly at the jury; and the jury, in return, looked most significantly at him. It was clear that they perfectly understood each other—the prisoner was to be found guilty. Nothing could save him; and the hope of distinguishing myself on this occasion ceased to flutter in my breast. Be it observed, I did not care a farthing for the fellow, for he was evidently guilty, but burned to get him off, for my own credit and advancement. Such is law.

"That is my case, my Lord," said the prosecutor's counsel, after all the witnesses had been examined, cross-examined, and re-examined, each of the last two processes having more clearly shown the guilt of the prisoner than its predecessor. Of the result it was impossible to entertain a doubt. A verdict of guilty, and a sentence of transportation for life, stared us in the face. Nor were we unprepared for it. Our counsel was making himself agreeable to a beautiful young married lady, sitting within three of his Lordship, on the circular bench. I sat pale as a sheet, just below the felon's bar—while our client stood just above and behind me, convulsively grasping the iron spikes in front of his ignominious enclosure, and jabbering like a frightened bear in his den.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### FORGET-ME-NOT: 'MYOSOTIS AVONSIS.'

There is a flower, a lovely flower,  
Tinged deep with Faith's unchanging hue;  
Pure as the ether in its hour  
Of loveliest and serenest blue.  
The streamlet's gentle side it seeks,  
The silent fount, the shaded grot,  
And sweetly to the heart it speaks,  
Forget-me-not, forget-me-not!

Mild as the azure of thine eyes,  
Soft as the halo-beam above,  
In tender whispers still it sighs,  
Forget me not, my life, my love!  
There where thy last steps turned away,  
Wet eyes shall watch the sacred spot,  
And this sweet flower be heard to say,  
Forget! ah! no, forget-me-not!

Yet deep its azure leaves within  
Is seen the blighting hue of care;  
And what that secret grief hath been,  
The drooping stem may well declare.  
The dew-drops on its leaves are tears,  
That ask, "Am I so soon forgot?"  
Repeating still, amidst their fears,  
My life, my love, forget-me-not!

## THE FIRST LOVE OF HENRI QUATRE.

(Concluded.)

Fleurette's father had never been in the habit of watching the motions of his daughter; and, if she now stayed rather later in the garden than usual, it attracted no notice, or at least no suspicion. Not so the prince's tutor. Old *La Gaucherie* was well versed in human nature; and the sudden and violent addiction of his pupil to gardening led him to suspect that there was in the case some other goddess besides Pomona. Accordingly one day he made the garden the scene of his evening walk, and the appearance of the mortal Pomona was quite sufficient to enable him to make up his opinion on the subject. I have said that *La Gaucherie* had considerable knowledge of human nature; he, therefore, was fully aware that any remonstrances that he could make to his pupil would have about the same effect—"as if he were very heartily and earnestly to entreat a moth not to fly into a candle." The next day he accordingly told the prince that on the following morning they were to set out for Pau, and from thence proceed to Bayonne, where the French court at that time was.

To say that Henri was pleased at this would be doing him injustice—to say that he was sorry would be more than the truth. His were mixed feelings, in a case where there always ought to be, but never was nor will be, unmingled regret. To a young mind, burning with enterprise and ambition, and not averse from pleasure, the announcement that he was at once to go forth into the world, and that world a court, and that court the most brilliant and powerful of the time, conveyed a feeling of hope and gladness, which, I am afraid, was far from being counter-balanced by the regret which he really did experience in parting from Fleurette. Still it would be less than justice if I did not say that that regret was a considerable alloy to the golden expectations of the future hero of Ivry.—And at the moment when he was about to take leave of her, I question whether, *just at that instant*, he would not have given up all to remain. "You leave me," she said, "you leave me, and then you are lost to me for ever. It is vain to expect that in the midst of the court you should continue to love me, a poor lonely creature, *who is far away*. It is vain to expect it, and I do not expect it; and yet it will wring my heart to think that you do *not* love me. Your love is all I have in the world if I lose it I lose everything,"—and she wept bitterly as she hung upon his neck. These things are, I believe, always said in substance, whatever may be words, by a woman at the mo-

ment of separation. But trite as they may on that account be considered, they are to me inexpressibly touching nevertheless. It is the truth of these fears which makes them affecting. Degrading and painful as it may be to confess it, out of a hundred cases there are not two in which the prophecy is not accomplished. I am far from saying that all parting is necessarily followed by inconstancy; but a parting like this, where the lover is very young, and has been a favored one—when he is to go into the world for the first time, and his qualities alike, and his defects fit him to shine in that world, and to love it; when she who is left has yielded up the best and strongest hold over her lover's heart—the power of inspiring hope;—when she has nothing to give as reward and nothing to withhold as punishment;—above all, when the parting is for a long and indefinite period,—then alas, and alas for her heart, and hope, and happiness—she has no chance indeed!

Henri said what are equally the universal parting words of men, but which are not in the least touching, because they are not true. He tried to persuade her that her fears were vain,—he promised, he *swore* eternal love. She neither swore nor promised; but she kept the promise and the oath which he broke. He was to leave the castle early in the morning, but earlier still they were together at the fountain. It was now the *rising* sun which shone upon it, but its beams of increasing brightness were to them far more saddening than its waning light had been of old. "You are going, Henri," she said, "you will have novelty, and motion, and change to cheer your spirits and dissipate your sorrow. But I shall remain, I shall every day see again and again the places which you have made so dear to me by being in them with me,—I shall have everything to remind me of past happiness and present pain. Dear, dear Henri, do not forget me,—if you do," and she lowered her voice as she spoke, "If you do, *I shall die*." At that moment his vow of increasing affection was a true one, for it was made in the spirit of truth:—at that moment the tears which he shed were as heart-gushing as her own. "And this fountain," she added, looking upon its loved waters, "this fountain, I shall always be there, when you are away or when you are near me, it will be still the same—you *will always find me there*." These were the last words; and he remembered the expression afterwards.

"Wast thou ever at court, shepherd?"—"No, truly." "Then thou art ruined." Methinks one of Master Touchstone's wit might have known better, and said, "Thou



art ruined if thou *hast*." Alas, how the court, or the world (for the court was the only world then), mars the young feelings!—and what does it give in their room?—Pity that what gives an edge to the wit should take it from the heart! For my own part I had rather that the one were a little less polished, provided that the other were allowed to remain keen. But Henri, as I have before said, was in every way likely to be spoiled by the world and its attractions. Mine is a love story, and State matters have nothing to do with it; I shall, therefore, say nothing of the public doings which might contribute to divert the thoughts of the young prince from his distant country-castle, and the young fond creature whom he had left there. It is the less necessary to mention them, inasmuch as the maids of honor of Catherine de Medicis are quite sufficient to account for the total forgetfulness which existed of poor Fleurette.

There was Mademoiselle Le Rebours, with beauty equal to her courtly and accomplished manners; there was Mademoiselle de Fossense, with

"Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,"

—qualities rare, and therefore precious in that petrifying atmosphere. Above all, there was the fair Greek, Mademoiselle d' Ayelle, with the loveliness of the first and the softness of the second, and a witching and indescribable *charm* possessed by neither.—Each in turn attracted the *volage*, and each in turn, unless the scandalous chronicle of those times be very scandalous indeed, gave him no reason to languish for seven years, even though they were still the days of chivalry.

At length, about fifteen months after his departure from Nérac, Henri returned thither. He accompanied the queen-mother's court. His walks in the garden were renewed, but his companion was not the same; and to the shame of his heart be it spoken, he never saw or asked for her who had been so formerly. As he paced the walks by the side of Mademoiselle d' Ayelle, enthralled by her beauty and fascinated by her wit, he never cast a thought on the simple maiden who had given him all the affection of an unpractised heart, and loved him with a strong unmingled passion which this courtly creature could never feel. As he passed the fountain, I cannot believe that the image of Fleurette did not rise before his mind; but, if it did, it was merely for him to chase it from his thought, as the sultan in the eastern story flung from him the talismanic ring which reminded him that he was doing wrong.

And where was Fleurette herself? Her

heart had swelled and bounded with joy when she heard of Henri's return—but the news which she heard almost as soon (for scandal has a winged tongue) cast at once the icy chill of death upon her heart. Her long, long hope had been for his return, and now that he was returned—oh, Heaven! how that hope was crushed and blasted!—She did not seek Henri, she conveyed to him no reproach—she suffered, suffered on.

Gracious Heaven! if men did but know the pangs which even the lightness of their conduct occasions, unless they were very fiends, they could not continue to act thus! But they never *can* know what a woman feels on desertion, or even slight. It is not in our nature to feel such things in the same manner as they do;—the early doubt—the gradual decline of hope—and at last the sick despair of certainty—are their hearts human, that they can inflict these things on the beings who love them to very madness, and as it were as a punishment for that love itself?

Fleurette had once or twice seen the prince and Mademoiselle d' Ayelle walking together in the garden; but she always shrank from their way and hid herself among the trees. Her heart rose into her throat, and she felt almost as if it would choke her as she looked upon her former lover. The time which he had been away had wrought great improvement upon his person; he was more formed, his stature was increased, his figure had become more manly, and his eye and brow more determined. Still his smile (who can forget the smile of one they have loved?) was the same; and poor Fleurette felt sick at heart as she saw it given to another. She watched them—their manner—their looks. "She does not love him as I did, no one can ever do that," the poor girl said to herself; "and he does not look on her face as he did on mine, he does not love her as he did me, but he does love her, and he loves me no longer, and that is enough."

But one day Fleurette found herself close to them on a sudden, and she felt an irresistible temptation not to avoid them this time. They met; and as they passed she looked up (it was indeed an effort) into Henri's face. His eyes met hers, and the blood sprang in volumes to his cheeks. He passed on without speaking, but that day he came to the door of her cottage, as she was sitting at her wheel (but not spinning), and in a hurried and embarrassed tone begged her to be at the fountain the next night.—"Without raising her eyes from her work she answered, "At eight o'clock I will be there."

It was now the autumn of the year, and the evening was chill and gloomy. As Henri walked through the garden his spirits felt the effect of the season—his conduct rose upon his heart and smote him. The wind sighed and swept the fallen leaves in eddies; and the trees, which had yet a few discolored leaves upon them, looked perhaps still more melancholy and uncheering than if they had been wholly bare. He saw the fountain at a distance, and perceived that she was not yet come. His feelings were not exactly such as to lead him to prefer that spot to wait—it accused him too strongly. He walked once more round the garden. The night now began to close in, and the wind, as it struck chill upon him, seemed to shoot its coldness into his heart also. He again came within sight of the fountain, and still no one was there. Was this like *Fleurette*? He went towards it slowly, expecting every moment to see her approach through the gloom. But he got close to the brink, and still she did not appear. As he reached it, however, he saw on the spot where they had always been accustomed to sit, a short wand stuck into the earth. He approached it—he recognised it well! It was the arrow with the rose, long since withered, still adhering to its barb! He took it up with a deep sigh, when suddenly he found a paper fastened to the feather. He tore it open—but it had become too dark for him to distinguish a line. He flew to the castle—the note contained these words:—

"You have ceased to love me, but I do not reproach you—may God Almighty bless you and make you happy!—may He, and his great goodness, forgive me!—I promised to meet you this night at the fountain—I have kept my trust—if you seek *you will find me there.*"

The truth flashed across him in a moment—he rushed back to the fountain—the unfortunate *was indeed there.*

#### DIRGE,

To the Memory of Miss Ellen Gee, of Kew, (England),  
who died in consequence of being stung in her eye.

Peerless, yet hapless, maid of Q!

Accomplished L N G!

Never again shall I and U

Together sip our T.

For ah! the Fates! I know not Y,

Sent 'mid the flowers a B,

Which, ven'rous stung her in the I,

So that she could not C!

L N exclaimed, "vile, spiteful B,

If ever I catch U

On *jesamine*, *rosebud*, or sweet P,  
I'll change your stinging Q.

"I'll send you, like a lamb or U,  
Across the Atlantic C,  
From our delightful village, Q,  
To distant O Y E.

"A stream runs from my wounded I,  
Salt as the briny C,  
As rapid as the X or Y,  
The O I O or D.

"Then fare thee ill, insensate B,  
Who stung, nor yet knew Y,  
Since not for bishop's wealthy C,  
Would I have lost my I."

They bear with tears fair L N G  
In funeral R A,  
A clay-cold corse, now doomed to B,  
Whilst I mourn her D K!

Ye nymphs of Q, then shun each B!  
List to the reason Y,  
For should A B C U at T,  
He'll surely sting your I.

Now in a grave, L deep, in Q,  
She's cold as cold can B;  
And robins sing upon A U,  
Her dirge and L E G!

From Punch.

#### DESTITUTION IN LONDON.

The *Times* relates some melancholy proofs of "destitution at the west end," and mentions the establishment of a "refuge for the houseless." We have been favored, "from our own correspondent," with several other melancholy instances of distress among the higher classes.

The Duke of Post-obit, who has, within these few years, come into possession of a rent-roll of eighty thousand a year, has been under the painful necessity of "raising the wind" at the rate of forty and sixty per cent. So hard has his Grace been run, that we are assured, upon competent authority, that he has actually been driven—to ask a bill-discounter to dine with him!

Another noble Duke has given a melancholy proof of the march of mendicacy. He was recently applied to by the tutor of his youth, with whom he had continued on terms of affectionate intimacy, for the loan of a hundred pounds to save him from a gaol. His Grace was reduced to the sad extremity of confessing that he had been "hit rather hard at Newmarket," and most reluctantly declined. The noble Duke has, indeed, but sixty thousand a year, out of which he has the junior members of his family to educate.



A noble Marquis, the produce of whose estate has been, through certain causes, deteriorated at least five per cent. per annum, and barely brings him in fifty thousand pounds clear, has been put to the most painful and humiliating shifts. At a magnificent ball, at which—we have the Morning Post's authority and French for the fact—the *elite* of rank and fashion was present, the "men in possession" were put into liveries, of which there are always a few spare suits in his lordship's establishment for these painful emergencies. What adds to the pain of the recital is, that the ball itself cost more money than would have discharged the whole of the persecuting creditor's demands.

A fashionable Colonel, who has experienced some severe vicissitudes at Crockford's, was recently driven to such an appalling state of destitution, that he actually, for the sake of raising a few hundreds, pledged his word of honor to a lie! To be sure, "he did the Jew," and the incident afforded a hearty laugh at mess. But the Colonel's face of bronze has worn a humbler expression since this voluntary debasement.

The Income-tax, while it has been the cause of some undoubted "drawing in of the horns," on the whole, has been found a very convenient excuse for shabbiness and retrenchment. "My loves," said the Dowager Lady Hookring to her three eldest unmarried daughters, "we really must not think of going to town this season. I positively can't afford it while that odious Property-tax is to be paid." The indignant remonstrances of the young ladies effected a compromise, by which a furnished house in Eaton-square, at twenty-five guineas a week, was secured to the end of July, and the future services of the governess (who was paid at the fearfully extravagant rate of forty pounds a year!) were dispensed with.

A Viscount of large landed estates has, we are credibly informed, felt the pressure of the times so remarkably hard upon him, that he has actually condescended to borrow the whole savings of his own housekeeper! the distress of his Lordship may be better imagined than described, when we state that he really would have borrowed "a cool hundred" of his butler, had not that respectful servitor felt the honor of being his master's creditor a piece of presumption he could not be guilty of!

It is pleasing to hear, among so many painful instances of privation and straitened means, that a few of the most distinguished leaders of *ton* have determined on some

vigorous means of retrenchment. The Countess of —, who invariably has a blonde head-dress for every night of the opera season, at the cost of five guineas, and which of course becomes afterwards the perquisite of her maid, has declared her intention of omitting Thursdays, for the sake of economy. As a necessary consequence, not only ladies' maids, but milliners and their assistants, must feel the effects of this contracted expenditure.

Among the junior members of the aristocracy—younger brothers and gentlemen of acknowledged limited income,—the symptoms of distress have become most unequivocal. A middle-aged Baronet, who, when he dines at his own cost, either selects Clarendon or Grillion's, and picks his teeth at the moderate charge of two pounds twelve and six-pence, has actually been detected, at a late hour of the evening, when the coffee-room was nearly cleared, dining at his club, on a simple dinner of three courses, at the ridiculously low charge of eighteen and sixpence! The Hon. —, who has hitherto engaged an opera-box for the exclusive use of himself, and such friends as he may invite, has subscribed for a share in "the Omnibus-box," and has been heard confidently to declare that the stalls are not "so decidedly low" as he once voted them. In the same spirit of economy, Major —, of the — Guards, has limited his orders to Nugee for five waistcoats in the week, (having usually bespoke one for each day;) and, as we are credibly informed, has been seen for two successive mornings in the same *robe de chambre*. But this, we suspect, must be an exaggeration.

Many ladies of rank and title, anxious to compete with their husbands in this laudable rivalry, have consented to the most fearful sacrifices. Several of them have withdrawn their subscriptions of from one to five guineas annually, from most deserving charities, which they had previously declared they could not exist without supporting; and their husbands, not to appear insensible to this affecting proof of self-denial, have actually not paid the subscriptions to which they had put their names down.

Amongst the landed proprietors, the pressure of the times has been equally insupportable; not only have the coals and flannel usually distributed to the poor been omitted, but the Christmas festivities either altogether dispensed with, or sadly curtailed.

The demand for exotics is, we also hear, most lamentably on the decline; *bouquets* which should have been given away at a guinea and five-and-twenty shillings, actu-

ally have withered for want of customers, even at those absurd prices!

We have many other sad illustrations of destitution at the West end; and have positively heard it hinted, that in case the distress continues, St. James' Palace will be thrown open as a refuge for the unfortunate sufferers. Ude has signified his willingness to mitigate the privation of such a receptacle, by superintending the culinary arrangements; and Gillow's and three other fashionable upholsterers have sent in estimates and designs for its internal furnishing decoration. We have arrived at fearful times indeed. O'Connell taking his trial at Dublin, and younger sons *living* on five thousand a year!

#### THE DAWN.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.\*

'Tis sweet when the twilight descends like a maiden,  
With star-sandall'd feet and cloud-mantle of grey;

When the skies seem with grandeur and mystery laden,  
But there's nothing so sweet as the dawn of the day.

O, if there's an hour to man's spirit appealing,  
An hour that can all his devotion repay,  
'Tis when harmony, beauty, and grace are revealing  
Their charms at the dawn, the bright dawn of the day!

For it beamed on the birth of Eve's fairest of daughters,

It woke the first breath of the lark's matin lay;  
When the Spirit of God moved the face of the waters,

All Eden lay blest in the dawn of the day.

Though the moon, like a monarch enthroned, may assemble

His sun-banner'd hosts in their gorgeous array;  
Tho' the moon may win hearts, they are hearts that dissemble,

For there's nothing so fair as the dawn of the day.

The dawn of the day, when the old man is waking,  
World-weary and languid, bereft of each stay;  
When he turns to a dawn, yet immortally breaking,  
The God-promised dawn of a heavenly day.

O, if harmony, beauty, and freshness, are blending  
Their charms for the dawn of our care-compassed way,

What bliss must be theirs, who, through Jesus ascending,

Behold with archangels the dawn of His day!

PLEASURE. — Pleasure is man's chief good: to enjoy reasonably is his wisdom and his duty: it is the great lesson of human life, but a lesson which few have learned.

#### THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

JERUSALEM is situated between thirty and forty miles eastward of the sea-coast. — From the point opposite to Jerusalem, the coast inclines so much to the eastward, that the Syrian Tripoli, about two hundred miles to the northward, on the coast line, is nearly due north of Jerusalem. Tripoli is in  $34^{\circ} 30'$  north latitude, and  $54^{\circ} 45'$  east longitude, and lies south-east of the eastern end of Cyprus.

Lebanon is a mountain-range, running in a northerly direction parallel with the coast from a point a little to the northward of Tyre, the distance varying from twenty to thirty miles. Parallel with this range, and at a similar distance, is a second, called Anti-Lebanon, from its position. Across this, to the east, is the plain on which stands the city of Damascus. From Tripoli to Damascus the distance, in a direct line, is about eighty miles, rather to the southward of south-east. On the south from Tripoli to Damascus, the traveller nearly passes the cedar-grove of Lebanon, distant about thirty or forty miles from the former place. As he is crossing the upper range of the mountains, in order to reach the valley lying between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, (and in which stand, still on the road to Damascus, the noble ruins of Balbec,) about *half an hour* from his direct path, to the north, he will come to the cedars. They are situated, properly speaking, in the midst of the mountains from which they take their name. It is after leaving them, and pursuing his route towards Balbec and Damascus, that the traveller will reach one of the highest summits of Lebanon, commanding a magnificent view of the surrounding country.

"The trees which bear the honored name of 'the cedars of Lebanon' are the most conspicuously exhibited among the higher ascents of the mountain from which they take their name. This is not on the summit of Lebanon, or on any of the summits which that range of mountains offers, as sometimes has been imagined; but is at the foot of a lofty mountain, in what may be considered as the arena of a vast amphitheatre, open on the west, but shut in by high mountains on the north, south and east. The cedars here stand upon five or six gentle elevations, and occupy a spot of ground about three-fourths of a mile in circumference. A person may walk around it in fifteen minutes. The largest of the trees are about forty feet in circumference. Six or eight others are also very large, several of them nearly of the size of the largest. But each of these is manifestly one or more



trees, which have grown together, and now form one. They generally separate a few feet from the ground into the original tree. The handsomest and tallest are those of two and three feet in diameter. In these the body is straight, the branches almost horizontal, forming a beautiful cone, and casting a goodly shade. Pliny Fisk, whose account we are now following, measured the height of one of them by the shade, and found it ninety feet. The largest was not so high, but some of the others seemed to him a little higher. He counted them, and made the whole number three hundred and eighty-nine; but his companion, (Rev. J. King,) who in counting omitted the saplings, made the number three hundred and twenty-one. 'I know not,' observes Fisk, 'why travellers have so long and so generally given twenty-eight, twenty, fifteen, five, as the number of the cedars. It is true that of those of superior size and antiquity there are not a greater number; but then there is a regular gradation in size, from the largest down to the merest sapling.' This is confirmed by another and later American traveller, who confesses he did not count them, which, from the nature of the ground and the situation of the trees, would be no easy matter; but he counted a small section, and was disposed to think that there might be three hundred to five hundred trees that are above a foot in diameter, possibly one hundred and fifty that may be above two feet, and about fifty or sixty that may be from three to four feet. Of the few he measured the largest was thirty-nine feet in circumference, one thirty-two, one twenty-nine, one twenty-eight, one twenty-three. These may serve for a sample. 'It is pretty certain,' remarks this traveller, 'that this grove did not furnish wood for Solomon. It lies opposite to Tripoli, which is two days north of Beirut, and Beirut is forty-five miles north of Tyre and twenty-five from Sidon. It lies far from the sea, and has a piece of country between it and the sea, as rough as can well be found anywhere. The grove does not appear to be diminishing, but rather increasing. I saw no stumps of fallen trees, and young ones were springing up.—There is a kind of religious reverence for these trees among the neighboring villagers. They have a singular appearance, standing alone in the midst of a small plain on which no other trees grow, with no other trees above them, nor for a considerable space below. Another singular fact is, that there is no running water among them. There is a stream on the side of the plain, but it comes not near them. The ground appears enriched with the leaves that fall from them,

and looks precisely as the soil usually does in a pine-grove.'

"Upon the whole, the grove failed to make upon this traveller the impression for which he was prepared, and perhaps because he was prepared. On approaching them at first, he says,—'Near the middle of the little plain, at the foot of the steep ascent below us, we saw a clump of trees; but they looked too few or too small for the cedars. They resembled a small orchard of evergreens. We found, however, on reaching the plain that these were the cedars we sought. They stand in irregular groups, spread over several little stony knolls, and may possibly cover eight or ten acres of ground.'

"Such undervaluing impressions had been fairly met, or rather anticipated, by Fisk, who observes,—'Let such a one put himself in the place of an Asiatic, passing from barren desert to barren desert, traversing oceans of sand, and mountains of naked rock, accustomed to countries like Egypt, Arabia, Judea, and Asia Minor, abounding in the best places only with shrubbery and fruit-trees; let him, with the feelings of such a man, climb the rugged rocks, and cross the naked ravines of Lebanon, and suddenly descry among the hills a grove of three hundred trees, such as the cedars actually are, even at the present day, and he will confess that to be a fine comparison in Amos ii. 9, *Whose height was as the height of the cedars, and he was strong as the oaks*; let him, after a long ride in the heat of the sun, sit down in the shade of a cedar, and contemplate the exact conical form of its top, and the beautiful symmetry of its branches, and he will no longer wonder that David compared the people of Israel, in the days of their prosperity, to the *goodly cedars*. A traveller who has just left the forest of America may think this little grove of cedars not worthy of much notice; but the man who knows how rare large trees are in Asia, and how difficult it is to find timber for building, will feel at once that what is said in Scripture of these trees is perfectly natural. It is probable that in the days of Solomon and Hiram there were extensive forests of these trees in Lebanon. A variety of causes may have contributed to their diminution, and almost total extinction. Yet, in comparison with all the other trees I have seen on the mountains, the few that remain may still be called *the glory of Lebanon*.'

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Women, though so amiable in themselves, are never so amiable as when they are useful; and as to beauty, though men may fall in love with girls at PLAY, there is nothing to make them stand to their love like seeing them at WORK.

## EDITORIAL SOLILOQUIES

ON CURRENT LITERATURE, AND THINGS THEREUNTO APPERTAINING.

WE promised you, dear reader, some further information on a somewhat singular book, entitled "ST. PATRICK'S PURGATORY; *an Essay on the Legends of Purgatory, Hell, and Paradise, current during the middle ages.* By T. WRIGHT, Esq., M. A., F. S. A. It is truly a curious chapter in our mediæval literature, into which the author has given abundant evidence of having plunged deeply and explored carefully, as if in a diving-bell. What Father O'Leary said of Purgatory itself, we may say of this volume—"you may go farther and fare worse!" But we must tell you that this is not a mere account of St. Patrick's Purgatory, but a complete history of the legends and superstitions relating to the subject, from the earliest times, rescued from old MSS. as well as from old printed books. Moreover, it embraces a singular chapter of literary history, omitted by Warton and all former writers with whom we are acquainted; and it forms, perhaps, the best introduction to Dante that has yet been published. These may justly be deemed interesting collateral circumstances; and they are not the less so, from being part and portion of a more full and exact history of St. Patrick's Purgatory, than has ever appeared either in or out of Ireland.

But now to make some of this light shine on your mind, (laying our author's polemics aside,) we may note that early purgatorial as well as paradisiacal descriptions were very popular in the form of visions, and not remotely linked to pagan legends. In the beginning they were very simple in their details, though they naturally came to be wonderfully embellished by warm and heated imaginations in the progress of time.

Turseus, an Irishman, son of a king of Munster, mentioned by Bede, was the first visionary whose dream has descended to us. He was a great favorite with our Anglo-Saxon forefathers about the middle of the 7th century. We cannot forego the pleasure of reading an extract on the subject from Mr. Wright's book:

We are much struck with the notice of so much early intercourse between England and Ireland; some of the particulars mentioned remind us that "there is nothing new under the sun."

Drihthelm's vision is the next in order to Turseu's, these being the only two mentioned by writers older than the conquest; though there is a story of Charles the First, emperor of France, having in the 9th century visited purgatory, and related what he saw.

"The circumstance of so many of the earlier visions of purgatory having been seen by Irish monks, or by English monks who had resided in Ireland, makes it interesting to trace the intercourse between the two people. From the very old metrical romance of 'King Horne,' it would seem that the nations of the north of Ireland were friendly toward the English of the opposite coast: they kindly received the hero when a fugitive, and the 'Yrishmenne' readily assisted him against the 'Saracens,' or pagan Danes, who had invaded his own country. The romance of 'Tristrem,' on the other hand, seems to manifest a well-known feeling of enmity between the Cornish and the Irish of the south. This difference of feeling may perhaps be caused by the different ages of the two poems, 'King Horne' being without doubt of a much earlier formation than the other. But we trace something of the same kind in the historians and chroniclers, from whom it appears that the shores of the Severn were infested by predatory parties of Irishmen. The ecclesiastical history seems to show a more friendly intercourse in the north. We judge, from Bede's history, that Ireland owed very much of its Christianity to its Saxon neighbors. The history of the saints Colman, and Cedda, and Ceadda, and also of Egbert, belong almost as much to Irish as to English story. In 667, the first of these returned from England into Ireland, taking with him thirty Angles, and built a monastery in a small island on the west coast, called Inisboufinde, or the Island of the White Calf, and placed in the island both Irish and English monks. But the Irish then, as now, were improvident people: during the summer months they left the monastery to live on the fruitful parts of the neighboring coast, where they wandered about eating all they gathered, and then when summer was ended, returned to share with the English the stores which the latter had been industriously laying up for themselves against winter. Discord soon appeared among them, and Colman left the monastery on the small island to the Irish monks, and took the English with him into Ireland, where they built a new monastery in a place then called Mageo, now Mayo. Here, at a later period, in the time of Adamnan, we are told that there were "a hundred Saxon saints." Adamnan himself, was residing at the monastery of Coludesbyrig, now Coldingham, near Berwick, a short time before it was burnt, in 679. In 664, a violent epidemic raged over England, which also reached Ireland, where it proved very destructive. At that time it is incidentally noticed that there were in Ireland 'very many Angles,' as well of noble as of mean birth, some of whom went thither for religious instruction, and others that they might live there a quiet and a



continent life. Some of them settled in a monastery, and bound themselves to observe its rules, while others wandered from one to another, learning a little here and a little there, as they found instructors who pleased them. The Irish everywhere received them with hospitality, not only giving them to eat and drink, but lending them books to read, and teaching them gratuitously.

"In 864, Egfrith, king of the Northumbrians, sent an army into Ireland, under the command of his ealdorman Bright, (or Berht,) which committed dreadful ravages, sparing neither churches nor monasteries, among 'a harmless people who,' Bede tells us, 'had always been most friendly to the English.' The historian exults over the punishment with which God visited the Northumbrian king, when the year following, he was killed in a battle with the Picts, whose territory he had invaded, against the urgent remonstrances of St. Cuthbert, who had just been made bishop of Lindisfarne. Cuthbert himself, if we believe his legend, was an Irishman, and of royal blood."

But we must escape from this purgatory, or these bewitching "Legends" will occupy all our time. There is one vision of the child of William Tundale in the 12th century, which we should have wished you to have heard, but other authors are touching our elbow and looking most intently up into our face, and they also must be introduced to you. So step into our publishers' before you go home, and by all means carry St. Patrick's Purgatory away in your pocket.

Winchester has published the "BANKING HOUSE," in the New World Library of Fiction, from which we will read you a graphic description of the internal workings of the mind of man, which is worthy of the author of "Ten Thousand a Year":

"As for the devoted woman, it made very little difference to her whether she dwelt in a castle or a hovel, provided she could see her husband cheerful, and know that he was happy. This was all she looked for—cared for—lived for. He was her life. What was her money—the dross which mankind yearned after—but for its use to him, but for the power it might exercise among men to elevate and ennoble him? What was her palace but a dungeon if it rendered her beloved more miserable than ever, if it added daily to the troubles he had brought there—to the cares which had accumulated on his head from the very hour she had become his mate? Michael Allcraft! you never deserved this woman for your wife; you told her so many times, and perhaps you meant what was wrung from your heart in its anguish. It was the truth. Why, if not in rank cowardice and pitiful ambition, entangle yourself in the perplexities of such a household, with all that heap of wo already on your soul? Why, when your London agents refused, in consequence of your irregularity and neglect, to advance you further loans—why take a base advantage of that heroic generosity that placed its all, unquestioning, at your command? Why, when you pretended with so much ceremony and regard, to effect an insurance on your worthless life, did you fail to pay up the policy even for a second year, and so resign all claim and right to such assurance, making it null and void? Let it stand here recorded to your disgrace, that, in the prosecution of your views, in the working out of your insane ambition, no one single thought of her, who gave her wealth as freely as ever fount poured forth its liberal stream, deterred you in your progress for an instant; that no one glow or gush of feeling toward the fond and faithful wife interposed to save her from the consequences of your selfishness, and to humble you with shame for inhumanity as vile as it was undeserved. It is not surprising, that, after taking of the great house, the demands upon the property of Margaret were made without apology or explanation. He asked, and he obtained. The refusal of aid on the part of the London house, terrified when it came, and caused him to rush, with a natural instinct, to the quarter whence he had no fear of denial and complaint. He drew largely from her resources. The money was sucked into the whirlpool; and there was a speedy cry for more; and more was got and sacrificed."

The same Publisher gives us also the "Adventures of HERCULES HARDY," from which we have only time to read the following beautiful sketch of Nature, in her happiest and most beautiful garb. But it is a fair specimen of the author's style, and will lead you, we think, to cultivate a further acquaintance with the book itself.

"The trees, in like manner, exhibit the full force and splendor of equatorial vegetation; the catalpa, magnolia, tulip-tree, sassafras, palm and banana, here grew to a prodigious height. Their massive foliage presented an endless variety of shape and color; enormous climbing plants, the birthwort, the bignonia, and the grenadilla, formed an inextricable mesh of leaf and branch around the crowded trunks. Innumerable scions from these plants, together with creeping shrubs upon the surface of the soil, produced an impenetrable maze of undergrowth.

"Above these masses of dark green foliage, rose here and there the beech, with its purple and dented leaves, the sugar-maple, the papaw—that king of trees—whose straight and tapering trunk resembles a column of chased silver, surmounted by a leafy capital of emerald green, from which waves gracefully its ruby-colored fruit.

"Parrots with blue wings, and bodies of crimson tinted with vermillion; small green hen-parrots with rose-colored heads, overcome by the heat, crouched at the foot of the trees to enjoy the cooler air, immediately above the surface, in spite of their instinctive fear of snakes and wild-cats.

"Not a breath of wind rippled the still bosom of the lake: the atmosphere was suffocating, the

air saturated with the acrid perfumes exhaled from the aquatic plants; there was also the hot, damp odor, more or less perceptible in all forests, but particularly so in these deep solitudes, impervious to the light of day. The sun's disk, hidden by the tops of the trees, shed far and wide a flood of light, like that of melting bronze; which dying gradually away, blended with the sapphire sky, and became completely absorbed toward the horizon by a deep tint of ultramarine blue, glazed with sombre gold. Save when the plaintive cry of the curlew was heard, all was hushed and still, calm and motionless, in the midst of this natural furnace."

We have been pleased with "THE GENTLEMAN'S DAUGHTER, OR A GREAT CITY'S TEMPTATIONS," published by Messrs. Burgess, Stringer & Co., and which we ought earlier to have talked with you about. It does not profess to be a "startling novel," with intricate plots and sentimental heroines, but points out in plain and practical language the temptations which abound in this great city, and the snares that are laid for the young and unwary. There are, however, some really beautiful passages in the book, some touching incidents, and some faithful portraiture, both of genuine and spurious virtue, as well as a faithful expose of the ultimate designs of those, who, under the garb of the most assiduous attention, purpose nothing but ruin and degradation. For an hour's entertaining, and not unprofitable reading, we recommend this small book.

Our monthly contemporaries are all in the field with their April numbers; and a rich galaxy of artistic and literary gems do they present us with. The COLUMBIAN, Edited by John Inman, Esq., gives us two good engravings, and a plate of fashions, admirably executed. But we are especially pleased with the literary contents, though we miss the traces of the Editor's talented pen. A series of papers on the subject, and of the calibre of the one in the last month's Columbian, on "the False Ethics of the Law," would give a status and influence to the work which would be much to the publisher's interests. We have, however, a most charming paper—and one fraught with high-toned morality and sentiment—on "Genius and its Rewards," by Mrs. Emma C. Embury; also No. III. of "Recollections of China," by Mrs. Caroline H. Butler. The following poetic gem is from the pen of Mrs. James Hall.

#### STANZAS.

By the red sun gleaming  
In its crimson dye,  
By the glory streaming  
O'er the evening sky,  
Thoughts and fancies onward sweeping  
Where those sunset rays lie sleeping  
To thy presence fly;  
Thoughts of each delicious scene  
Where together we have been.

We have watched together  
Many an evening's close,  
When the autumn weather  
Shed its sweet repose;

When the sunset, soft and tender,  
Likened to the noon in splendor,  
Till the moon arose,  
And the mingled day and night  
Shone with too surpassing light.

Far apart and lonely  
Each is gazing now;  
Autumn's glories only  
Shine with half their glow;  
Till in distance and in dreaming  
We have met in fancy's seeming;  
Then the shadows grow  
Beautiful once more, and bright,  
As the loved and olden light.

We have also THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, and GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, both of which are respectable average numbers.

CAMPBELL'S FOREIGN SEMI-MONTHLY presents us with a splendid engraving of "Judith and Holofernes:" the quiet and tranquil sleep of the one, and the countenance of the other, maddened with conflicting passions, are powerfully delineated. It is not often that we have such engravings with our periodicals. In this respect, Mr. Campbell's Magazine is, without exception, the first in the field. The letter-press also of the present number is well selected, and of great interest. We cordially recommend this Magazine through you, most courteous reader, to our Six Thousand subscribers throughout the Union. And now, farewell,—and, 'mid the world's enchantments, still think of us.